

# THE Gleichen Call



TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR No. 38

GLEICHEN, ALBERTA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1931

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## ROBERT GARDINER GREETED BY LARGE CROWD

The U.F.A. at Meadowbrook on the evening of December 4th, was a huge success over three hundred people were present some coming from as far as Carleton Place. The proceedings started with a community dinner at 6:30 served by the ladies of the Gleichen U.F.W.A. under the convener'ship of Mrs. Ellis.

The program was opened by O.I. Canada which was followed by a piano solo by Miss Scheer which was well received. J. E. Garland, M.P., for Bow River was introduced and enthusiastically received. He briefly dealt with some of the problems of the day told some good stories and gracefully retired.

Mrs. McArthur and Mrs. Elder favored the gathering with some charming songs.

Robert Gardiner, M.P., and president of the U.F.A. then addressed the meeting, in a thoughtful speech of nearly two hours duration. Mr. Gardiner traced the development of four great social systems the Patriarchal, the Slave system, the Feudal system and lastly the social system that we are working under at present variously called the capitalistic, the industrial or the profit system. He maintained that the present system was not functioning to the best interests of the people as a whole as proven by recurrent depressions each more severe than the previous one. He was not sure whether a new system was needed or whether the present one could not be adjustable to meet the new problems, the foremost of which was the fact of millions of our population on the verge of want while surpluses of all food products were in existence in the country. This he pointed out had never occurred before under any of the previous systems showing the efficiency of production in the present age, but the agencies of distribution as typified by the financial institutions seemed unable to cope with this problem. He emphatically denounced any talk of revolution such as he claimed was going on in quarters where it would be least expected. He stated that a revolution would only cause the shedding of innocent blood and that after passing through such a terrible time we would still have our economic problems with us, they would have to be solved by co-operative endeavor and could not be successfully dealt with any other way. Mr. Gardiner was listened to with the closest attention and was heartily applauded at the close.

At this point the chairman J. A. McArthur expressed the appreciation of the local U.F.A. to the Gleichen Board of Trade for their neighborly action in postponing the Old Timers' Ball when it was found that the dates had coincided with this meeting.

There was then a well rendered violin solo by Mr. Charles Grant, which was followed by a well acted playlet "The Bachelor's Dilemma," presented by Mesdames Oliver, Quennell, and Elsie. The benches were then cleared away and a merry dance with music by Capt. Grant & Co. was continued until a late hour.

## RELLE WINS WITH DURUM WHEAT

Herman Trelle, of Wembley, Peace River, Alberta, won the grand championship in wheat at the Chicago International Grain & Hay exhibition last week. This is the third win for Trelle and earns him permanent possession of the trophy offered.

Strange to relate, Mr. Trelle won the championship this year with a sample of Durum wheat. His previous wins were made with hard red spring wheat. Durum is a soft wheat used in the manufacture of macaroni. A fair demand exists in Italy for the variety. Comparatively little Durum is grown in Alberta, but certain areas in Manitoba and Saskatchewan have gone in for this wheat rather extensively. This year about 1,116,894 acres were seeded to Durum wheat in all of Canada.

## CANADA'S NATIONAL EMERGENCY APPEAL BEGINS DECEMBER 10

"Prime Minister has addressed special appeal to association of Canadian Clubs, to lend nation wide organizations for collecting emergency relief funds. Governor General and Prime Minister are to make national appeal over radio Sunday night, December thirteenth. Suggest clubs urge members to listen in and take necessary steps to support this appeal."

R. C. Wallace,  
President Association of Canadian Clubs.

The above telegram was received by G. H. Gooderham, secretary of the Gleichen branch of the Canadian Club, Monday evening.

It might be well to explain what is meant by this appeal for National Emergency relief, also what will be done with the funds collected.

Under the personal direction of the Prime Minister of Canada an emergency relief appeal is to be launched on December 10. The campaign following this appeal will be continued for one week. Its purpose is to raise money by private subscription to help give relief in cases where the necessity is emergent, and in those where the usual provisions of government or municipal relief are not applicable or available. Moreover, it is desired to give a more human touch to the relief of the necessitous at this period of emergency in our national life than is possible through the usual means of distribution of relief.

The effort is supplementary to the work of governments and municipalities throughout the country. It is not intended to remove the burden nor the responsibility of initiating and carrying through relief measures from these bodies. It is, however, expected that through the agency of this fund the occurrence of actual want among the people of this Dominion may be materially lessened if not absolutely avoided. In Alberta the quota of the campaign has been set at \$100,000. One-half of this is expected to be raised in the northern half of the province, and the other half in the southern areas. Edmonton is the centre for the North and Calgary for the south. But the has been further divided by the allocation of districts to Lethbridge, Medicine Hat and Drumheller. Of this amount raised as a result of this campaign, 50 per cent will be allotted immediately for use in the districts concerned. The other 50 per cent will be sent to the headquarters of the Red Cross Society of Canada at Ottawa to go into a common fund to which similar contributions will be made by every district participating in this campaign.

The purpose of this common fund is to make available resources that can be used to the best advantage where the need is most urgent throughout the country. For instance, it is known that large areas of Saskatchewan and parts of Alberta have been drought ridden and crops in those districts have been practically nil. These will be suitable areas in which the expenditure of monies from the common pool will be made. As far as the southern part of Alberta is concerned, it is altogether likely that the monies eventually expended as a result of the campaign will be greater than the amounts subscribed by the districts. More is likely to be poured into the province than out of it.

Churches, theatres, newspapers, the municipal organizations, benevolent societies of all kinds, women's institutes, U.F.A. locals and others are co-operating in this campaign.

(Continued on another page)

Do not forget that the penalty on taxes will be added shortly.

A clergyman after many years service was retiring and his congregation presented him with a quilt, upon which was stitched the name of every parishioner. In acknowledging the gift he said: "My friends for the last 30 years you have slept under me, but now in my retirement, it is going to be my turn to sleep under you."

## Annual Old-Timers' Roundup And Dance Takes Place Friday Eve

The sixth annual Gleichen Old-Timers' Ball to be held Friday night, December 11th, is going over big. The committee in charge have left nothing undone to make this gathering of our pioneers a huge success.

The music will be supplied by a six-piece orchestra consisting of James Eglese, Art Bremner, Leonard Atkins, V. Hackworth, Alex. Lewis and Claud MacKie. Modern as well as old time dances will be the go. If there is any particular dance you wish to have played just let the floor manager know about it and he will attend to the matter. Scotch folk dances will be on the program with past masters of the art participating.

While hundreds of invitations have been sent, someone may have been inadvertently overlooked everybody is welcome to attend, in fact the more who come the better. The bigger the crowd the better the time will be.

This dance is sponsored by the Board of Trade and they hope to give everybody a right royal time.

The price of admission will include supper and should not be an obstacle to a very large attendance.

## QUEER QUINTON'S QUILL

So taxes is not the last word. Even governments feel that when taxes fall they must turn to voluntary givings. Or is it only an opportunity to capitalize sentiment and raise a loan not to be paid back and thereby save the public coffers? At all events this week is to see launched an effort to raise by voluntary subscription money to be administered by government officials for relief.

One day a large number of Scotch ministers walked out of their manse refusing to accept the stipend raised by taxes—we presume that the reason was political interference in religious matters. It was thought that they would soon be starved into submission, either returning to the established church or leave their calling. Instead it created the church that led the religious thought of the nation and with very few exceptions that of the whole Empire.

November the eleventh, before and after, always calls forth much comment on war, pro and con. And it always resolves itself into the justification of the use of force. Now one who attended that great religious conference in the east and heard Mr. Bennett speak has put into print the change of front shown by the Premier. With such a terrific turnover in the Federal House, Mr. Bennett went east confident of the omnipotent wisdom of the premier-elect. But manipulation of taxes and tariff brought nothing but worse conditions which resulted in illness requiring a prolonged rest. And we are not knocking the government but simply asserting our belief in the old church doctrine of a change of heart. And we believe that it has reached the cabinet at Ottawa. For behind this new move is not the picture of a sheriff with a 303 across the horn of his saddle forcing people to pay taxes; but rather the appeal to a common brotherhood and the opportunity given to those who have to help those who have not. We wish this latest move the best of success.

## CONDITIONS HERE VERY FAVORABLE

Very reasonable weather has prevailed in the district of late. Although occasionally broken by chinook

wind; the fairly cold spell has lasted through so far. An occasional fall of snow has made everyone feel that the extreme dryness, which ruled during the past summer months has been broken up and that more seasonable weather all around can probably be looked forward to. Some of the moisture which has fallen has no doubt penetrated into the soil due to an occasional thaw and even at present many feel that when spring comes there will no doubt be enough moisture to permit seeding and to germinate the grain. Several very foggy days have been experienced during the past week and no doubt many were reminded of Pacific coast winters of London fogs.

Due to the absence of severe winds the winter so far cannot be classed as a hard one. Cattle and horses are coming through wonderfully well and have not been stable fed so far. Most of the animals due to sufficient cold weather experienced in the last month or so and at the same time have not been suffering from blizzards. Many farmers report their chickens laying again; pullets beginning to lay and calves and young pigs wintering fine. It is the general contention that the weather being very seasonable, no doubt the crop outlook will also be more promising in the Gleichen district.

## ORANGES AND SILK BROUGHT BL LINER

One hundred and twenty thousand boxes of oranges, of which 14,000 boxes are being shipped direct to London, were unloaded from R.M.S. Empress of Japan Monday. The London shipments were dispatched by train Monday evening.

The big ship also brought eight carloads of silk which were discharged in an hour's time after her arrival, and the train pulled out for New York 13 minutes later. The silk shipment was valued at \$1,250,000.

The American bison, mighty monarch of the Western plains, will soon renew an acquaintanceship formed thousands of years ago, with his cousin, the wild buffalo of India. A number of buffalo from the government preserve at Wainwright, Alberta have been shipped from the game reservation to Vancouver, where they will be loaded aboard a freighter bound for India. The buffalo will be lodged in a zoological gardens in Bangalore.

## GUNNERS TRIM DISTRIBUTORS IN OPENING GAME

Last Saturday night the first hockey game of the present season took place in Gleichen, when the Gunners almost secured a shut out against the Calgary Distributors hockey boys with a score of 7-1. The only goal the Distributors counted was made near the end of the second spasm when Palmer let fly from the Gleichen blue line.

It was a beautiful cool night for hockey just about the right temperature for the fans to stand around the arena and not freeze. Incidentally there was a dandy crowd present who got their money's worth on the game put up on the ice which was lightning fast. The game was exceptionally clean, very few penalties being handed out and those that were imposed were for minor infractions.

The Gunners back checked more furiously and persistently than did the Distributors. As a consequence of this back checking and the work of the Gunners defence the Distributors never once got through or were they able to get many shots on the Gleichen net. Actual saves by the Gunner goalie, Roberts, was 9; two in the first, six in the second and one in the last frame. The Distributors goalie saved no less than 21 times. Ten in the first, seven in the second and four in the last.

Bulmer the Bassano boy had a great goal getting streak in him that night getting no less than three counters. Here is hoping Jakey keeps this up during the season.

Here is how the goals were made. About half way through the first canto, Bulmer made a lone rush from end to end for the first counter of the game. In the second Norton, the Arrowwood boy, who is a new comer to the Gunners, got the puck, a few seconds after the face off, near the centre ice, went through the Distributor team and scored. The third counter was made by Si McKay on an individual rush. Bulmer made the next when he got four quick shots in a scrimmage right in front of the Calgary net amidst a wild tangle of scrambling hockey players, legs and sticks.

Calgary made the next counter the fifth tally as explained above. At the beginning of the third Bulmer shot from centre and scored the sixth goal. The seventh goal was made by Tom Brown on a pass from Taylor. Taylor who saw he was going to be checked by the defense shot at the end boards then dived after the puck and flipped it back down the ice to Brown, who slammed it in. The eighth goal and last counter was made by Cam Brown on a pass from Si McKay. Si worked in from centre ice to the side then tossed the disc to Cam Brown who went clear through the defense and scored.

Bert James, referee. Ted Boon and M. Desjardine goal judges.

Lineup.  
Calgary Distributors — Friend; Murray; McDonald; McConnell, Johnston, Hare; Nelson, Petty, Palmer, Napper, Clarke; Scott, manager.  
Gleichen Gunners — Roberts; Taylor, Marquardt; Brown, Norton and McKay; Bulmer, T. Brown and Rishaug.

Ernie Norton the newcomer, from Arrowwood has plenty of nerve and speed and no doubt, more will be heard of this boy as the season progresses.

If every hockey game this winter is as well attended by the fans, as the game last Saturday night, the financial worries of the Gunners would be about nil.

All the players seemed to do exceptionally well Saturday. Looked as they were going mid season style. Shows that they have been hard at work training.

Some of the boys looked as if they were quite tired by the time the third period got underway.

## RED & WHITE STORE

Substantial Savings on Fancy and Staple Groceries for 6 Full Shopping Days, Friday, December 11th until Thurs. Dec. 17th (We have many other specials call in our store and see for yourself. Also see our circular.

COFFEE, freshly roasted, 3 lbs. for ..... 75c  
HONEY, Alberta Sweet Clover, 5-lb. pail..... 53c  
VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP, 2 tins for..... 23c  
QUEEN OLIVES, 8-oz. bottle for..... 19c  
ORANGES, fancy Sunkist, per doz..... 29c  
TABLE FIGS, 2 packages for..... 19c  
LETTUCE, firm crisp heads, 2 for..... 25c  
CELERY, Washed and trimmed, 3 lbs. for... 23c  
CRABAPPLE JELLY, 4-lb. tin..... 58c  
MATCHES, 3 boxes for..... 29c  
CHEESE, 2-lb. box Majestic for..... 36c  
MACARONI, 3-lb. package for..... 27c  
PANCAKE FLOUR, 3 1/2-lbs. for..... 29c  
MINCE MEAT, 2 lbs. for..... 33c  
ROLLED OATS, 2 packages for..... 35c  
JELLY POWDERS, 5 packages for..... 25c

## R. W. BROWN

GLEICHEN,

ALBERTA

## J. F. GORRILL ADDRESSES YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY

The Young People's Society of Gleichen held their weekly meeting Sunday evening. Bob Cardinal occupied the chair and Max Yates capably acted in his capacity as secretary-treasurer. Owing to the inclement weather the meeting was not as well attended as usual. During the business part of the meeting the question was brought up of splitting into two groups, seniors and juniors. It was decided that owing to the disparity in the ages of the members it would be a good policy of business on the part

of the group to separate. The juniors will hold their meetings in the United Church Sunday evening at the conclusion of the usual service.

Mr. Gorrill gave a fifteen minute address on J.M. Barrie, which was much appreciated by the Young People. It is anticipated that Mr. Gorrill will address the Society again in the near future.

The seniors will hold their meeting at the home of Mrs. J. J. Robinson, Wednesday evening at 8:00. All the young people of town and district are urgently requested to be present.

The Call prints everything but stamps and money. Call and see.

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PLUM JAM, Pure, 4-lb. tin for ..... 35c	ORANGES, New Navel per doz. .... 25c
CURRENTS, Re-Cleaned, per lb. .... 15c	SOAP, P & G or Pearl, 7 bars for ..... 24c
CHEESE, 2-lb box Majestic or Colonial. .... 34c	BROOMS, Wonderful Value, ..... 30c

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Severe abdominal pains, griping, after taking a laxative is an indication of unnatural strain that may cause serious injury. No laxative that causes such discomfort is safe, or necessary. Eno's is pleasant, gentle, safe and sure. A daily dash of Eno's "Fruit Salt" in a glass of water, night or morning, tones up and sweetens the entire system. Acid stomach, fatigue, biliousness, quickly disappear.

# ENOS

## "FRUIT SALT"

## THE HOUSE OF DREAMS-COME-TRUE

— BY —  
MARGARET FIEDLER  
Author of  
"The Splendid Folly," "The Hermit  
Of Far End,"  
Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., London.

### CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"Staple? Is that the Brennans' place?"

"God bless my soul, no! The Torrmarins acquired it when they came pushing over to England with the Conqueror, I imagine. Anne married twice, you know. Her first husband, Torrmarin, led her a dog's life, and after his death she married Claude Brennan—son of a junior branch of the Brennans. Now she is a widow for the second time."

"And are there any children?"

"Two sons. The elder is the son of the first marriage and is the owner of Staple, of course. The younger one is the child of the second marriage. I believe that since Brennan's death they all three live very comfortably together at Staple—at least, they did ten years ago when I last heard from Anne. That was not long after Brennan died."

Jean wrinkled her brows.

"Rather a confusing household to be suddenly pitchedforked into," she commented.

"But not dull!" submitted Peterson triumphantly. "And dullness is, after all, the biggest bugbear of existence."

As if suddenly stabbed by the palpable pose of his own remark, the light died out of his face and he looked round the great dim hall with a restless, eager glance, as though trying to impress the picture of it on his memory.

"Beirnfels—my 'House of Dreams-Come-True,'" he muttered to himself.

He had named it thus in those first glowing days when love had transfigured the grim old border castle turning it into a place of magic visions and consummated hopes. The whimsical name took its origin from a little song which Jacqueline had been wont to sing to him, a glorious voice investing the simple words with a passionate belief and triumph.



# SOUR

## STOMACH

JUST a tasteless dose of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in water. That is an alkali, effective yet harmless. It has been the standard antacid for 50 years. One spoonful will neutralize at once many times its volume in acid. It's the right way, the quick, pleasant and efficient way to kill all the excess acid. The stomach becomes sweet, the pain departs. You are happy again in five minutes. Don't depend on crude methods. Employ the best way yet evolved in all the years of searching. That is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Be sure to get the genuine.

The ideal dentifrice for clean teeth and healthy gums is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, a superior tooth-paste that safeguards against acid-mouth. (Made in Canada.)

W. N. U. 1915

It's a strange road leads to the House of Dreams, To the House of Dreams-Come-True. Its hills are steep and its valleys deep, And salt with tears the Wayfarers weep. The Wayfarers—I and you.

But there's sure a way to the House of Dreams, To the House of Dreams-Come-True. We shall find it yet, ere the sun has set, If we face straight on, some fine, some wet, Wayfarers—I and you."

Peterson's eyes rested curiously on his daughter's face. There was something mystic, almost visionary, in their quiet, absent gaze.

"One day, Jean," he said, "when you meet the only man who matters, Beirnfels shall be yours—the house where your dreams shall come true. It's a house of ghosts now—a dead house. But some day you and the man you love will make it live again."

### CHAPTER II.

#### Madame De Varigny

Jean was standing looking out from the window of her room in the hotel at Montavan. In the distance, the great white peaks of the Alps strained upwards, piercing the mass of drifting cloud, whilst below lay a world sheeted in snow, the long reach of dazzling purity broken only where the pine-woods etched black trunks against the whiteness and the steely gleam of a frozen lake showed like a broad blade drawn from a white velvet scabbard.

It had been part of Peterson's expressed programme that, before going their separate ways, he and Jean should make a brief stay at Montavan, there to await Lady Anne Brennan's answer to his letter. Jean had divined in this determination an excuse, covering his need to take farewell of that grave on the lonely mountain-side before he set out upon the solitary journey which could not fail to hold poignant memories of other, former wanderings—wanderings invested with the exquisite joy of sharing each adventure with a beloved fellow-wayfarer.

Instinctively though Jean had recognized the desire at the back of Glyn's decision to stop at Montavan, she was scrupulously careful not to let him guess her recognition. She took her cue from his own demeanour, which was outwardly that of a man merely travelling for pleasure, and she listened with a grim sense of amusement when poor Monsieur Vautrinot, the Maître d'Hotel, recognizing Peterson as a former client, sympathetically recalled the sad circumstances of his previous visit and was roundly snubbed for his pains.

To Jean the loss of her mother had meant far less than it would have done to a girl in more commonplace circumstances. It was true that Jacqueline had shown herself all that was kindhearted and generous in her genuine wish to compass the girl's happiness, and that Jean had been frankly fond of her and attracted to her, but in no sense of the words had there been any interpretation of a maternal or filial relationship. "Of course I know I'm a quite superfluous third at Beirnfels, but, all the same, you two really do make the most perfect host and hostess, and you try awfully hard not to let me feel de trop."

But, despite the fact that Jacqueline had represented little more to her daughter than a brilliant and delightful personality with whom circumstances happened to have brought her into contact, Jean was conscious of a sudden thrill of pain as her glance travelled across the wide stretches of snow and came at last to rest on the shoulder of a hill. She was moved by an immense consciousness of loss—not just the mere sense of bereavement which the circumstances would naturally have engendered, but something more absolute—a sense of all the exquisite maternal element which

she had missed in the woman who was dead.

And then came recognition of the uselessness of such regret. Nothing could have made Jacqueline other than she was—one of the world's great lovers. Mated to the man she loved, she asked nothing more of Nature, nor had she herself anything more to give. And the same reasoning, though perhaps in a less degree, could be applied to Peterson's own attitude of detachment towards his daughter; although Jean was intuitively aware that she had come to mean much more to him since her mother's death, even though it might be, perhaps, only because she represented a tangible link with his past happiness.

Thrusting aside the oppression of thought conjured up by her glimpse of that quiet God's Acre, set high up among the hills, she turned abruptly from the window and made her way downstairs to the hotel vestibule.

Here she discovered that Peterson had been claimed by some acquaintances. The encounter was obviously not of his own choosing, for, to Jean's experienced eye, his face bore the slightly restive expression common to it when circumstances had momentarily got the better of him.

His companions were a somewhat elaborate little Frenchman of fifty or thereabouts, with an unmistakable air of breeding about him, and a stately-looking woman some fifteen years younger, whose warm brunette colouring and swift, mobile gesture proclaimed her of Latin blood. All three were conversing in French.

"Ah! La voici qui vient!" Peterson turned as Jean approached, his quick exclamation tinged with relief. Still in French, which both he and Jean spoke as fluently and with as little accent as English, he continued rapidly: "Jean, let me present you to Madame la Comtesse de Varigny."

The girl found herself looking straight into a pair of eyes of that peculiarly opaque, dense brown common to Southern races. They were heavily fringed with long black lashes, giving them a fictitiously soft and disarming expression, yet Jean was vaguely conscious that their real expression held something secret and implacable, almost repellent, an impression strengthened by the virile, strongly-marked black brows that lay so close above them.

For the rest, Madame de Varigny was undeniably a beautiful woman, her blue-black, rather coarse hair framing an oval face, extraordinarily attractive in contour, with somewhat high cheek bones and a clever, flexible mouth.

Jean's first instinctive feeling was one of distaste. In spite of her knowledge that Varigny was one of the oldest names in France, the Countess struck her as partaking a little of the adventures—of the type of woman of no particular birth who has climbed by her wits—and she wondered what position she had occupied prior to her marriage.

She was sharply recalled from her thoughts to find that Madame de Varigny was introducing the little middle-aged Frenchman to her as her husband, and immediately she spoke Jean felt her suspicious melting away beneath the warm, caressing cadences of an unusually beautiful voice. Such a voice was a straight passport to the heart. It seemed to clothe even the prosaic little Count in an almost romantic atmosphere of tender charm, an effect which he speedily dispelled by giving a Jean a full, true, and particular account of the various pulmonary symptoms which annually induced him to seek the high, dry air of Montavan.

"It is as an insurance of good health that I come," he informed Jean gravely.

"Oh, yes, we are not here merely for pleasure—comme ces autres"—Madame de Varigny gestured smilingly towards a merry party of men and girls who had just come in from lugging and were stamping the snow from off their feet amid gay little outbursts of chaff and laughter. "We are here just as last year, Peterson"—the suddenly muted quality of her voice implied just the right amount of sympathetic recollection—"so that mon pauvre mari may assure himself of yet another year of health."

The faintly ironical gleam in her eyes convinced Jean that, as she had shrewdly begun to suspect, the little Count was a "malade imaginaire," and once again she found herself wondering what could be the circumstances responsible for the union of two such dissimilar personalities as

## SORE THROAT

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the high-bred, hypochondriacal little Count and the rather splendid-looking but almost certainly plebeian-born woman who was his wife.

She intended, later on, to ask her father if he would supply the key to the riddle, but he had contrived to drift off during the course of her conversation with the Varignys, and when at last she found herself free to join him, he had disappeared altogether.

She thought it very probable that he had gone out to watch the progress of a ski-ing match to which he had referred with some enthusiasm earlier in the day, and she smiled a little at the characteristic way in which he had extricated himself, at her expense, from the inconvenience of his unexpected rencontre with the Varignys.

But, two hours later, she realized that once again his superficial air of animation had deceived her. From her window she saw him coming along the frozen track that led from the hillside cemetery, and for a moment she hardly recognized her father in that suddenly shrunk, huddled figure of a man, stumbling down the path, his head thrust forward and sunken on his breast.

Her first imperative instinct was to go and meet him. Her whole being ached with the longing to let him feel the warm rush of her sympathy, to assure him that he was not utterly alone. But she checked the impulse, recognizing that he had no use for any sympathy or love which she could give.

She had never really been anything other than exterior to his life, outside his happiness, and now she felt intuitively that he would wish her to remain equally outside the temple of his grief.

He was the type of man who would bitterly resent the knowledge that any eyes had seen him at a moment of such utter, pitiable self-revelation, and it was the measure of her understanding that Jean waited quietly till he should choose to come to her.

When he came, he had more or less regained his customary poise, though he still looked strained and shaken. He addressed her abruptly.

"I've decided to go straight on to Marseilles and sail by the next boat, Jean. There's one I can catch if I start at once."

"At once?" she exclaimed, taken aback. "You don't mean—today?"

He nodded. "Yes, this very evening. I find I can get down to Montreux in time for the night mail." Then, answering her unspoken thought: "You'll be quite right. You will be certain to hear from Lady Anne in a day or two, and, meanwhile, I'll ask Madame de Varigny to play chaperon. She'll be delighted"—with a flash of the ironical humour that was never long absent from him.

"Who was she before she married the Count?" queried Jean.

"I can't tell you. She is very reticent about her antecedents—probably with good reason"—smiling grimly. "But she is a big and beautiful person, and our little Count is obviously quite happy in his choice."

"She is rather a fascinating woman," commented Jean.

"Yes—but preferable as a friend rather than an enemy. I don't know anything about her, but I wouldn't mind wagering that she has a dash of Corsican blood in her. Anyway, she will look after you all right till Anne Brennan writes."

"And if no letter comes?" suggested Jean. "Or supposing Lady Anne can't have me? We're rather taking things for granted, you know."

His face clouded, but cleared again almost instantly.

"She will have you. Anne would never refuse a request of mine. If not, you must come on to me, and I'll make other arrangements,"—vaguely. "I'll let the next boat go, and stay in Paris till I hear from you. But I can't wait here any longer."

He paused, then broke out hurriedly:

"I ought never to have come to this place. It's haunted. I know you'll understand—you always do understand, I think, you quiet child—why I must go."

And Jean, looking with the clear eyes of unhurt youth into the hand-

some, grief-ravaged face, was suddenly conscious of a shivering fear of that mysterious force called love, which can make, and so swiftly, terribly unmake, the lives of men and women.

### CHAPTER III.

#### The Stranger On the Ice

"And this friend of your father's? you have not heard from her yet?"

Jean and Madame de Varigny were breakfasting together the morning after Peterson's departure.

"No. I hoped a letter might have come for me by this morning's post. But I'm afraid I shall be on your hands a day or two longer"—smiling.

"But it is a pleasure!" Madame de Varigny reassured her warmly. "My husband and I are here for another week yet. After that we go on to St. Moritz. He is suddenly discontented with Montavan. If, by any chance, you have not heard from Lady—Lady—I forget the name—"

"Lady Anne Brennan," supplied Jean.

A curiously concentrated expression seemed to flit for an instant across Madame de Varigny's face, but she continued smoothly:

"Mais, oui"—Lady Brennan. "Eh bien, if you have not heard from her by the time we leave for St. Moritz, you must come with us. It would add greatly to our pleasure."

"It's very good of you," replied Jean. She felt frankly grateful for the suggestion, realizing that if, by any mischance, the letter should be delayed till then, Madame de Varigny's offer would considerably smooth her path. In spite of Glyn's decision that she must join him in Paris, should Lady Anne's invitation fail to materialize, she was well aware that he would not greet her appearance on the scene with any enthusiasm.

"I suppose"—the Countess was speaking again—"I suppose, Brennan is a very frequent—a common name in England?"

The question was put casually, more as though for the sake of making conversation than anything else, yet Madame de Varigny seemed to await the answer with a curious anxiety.

"Oh, no," Jean replied readily enough. "I don't think it is a common name. Lady Anne married into a junior branch of the family, I believe," she added.

"That would not be considered a very good match for a peer's daughter, surely?" hazarded the Countess. "A junior branch? I suppose there was a romantic love-affair of some kind behind it?"

"It was Lady Anne's second marriage. Her first husband was a Torrmarin—one of the oldest families in England," Jean spoke rather stiffly. There was something jarring about the pertinacious catechism.

Madame de Varigny's lips trembled as she put her next question, and not even the dusky fringe of lashes could quite soften the sudden tense gleam in her eyes.

"Tor—ma—rin!" She pronounced the name with a French inflection, evidently finding the unusual English

word a little beyond her powers. "What a curious name! That, I am sure, must be uncommon. And this Lady Anne—she has children—sons? No?"

"Oh, yes. She has two sons."

"Indeed?" Madame de Varigny looked interested. "And what are the sons called?"

Jean regarded her with mild surprise. Apparently the subject of nomenclature had a peculiar fascination for her. "I really forget. My father did once tell me, but I don't recollect what he said."

A perceptible shade of disappointment passed over the other's face, then, as though realizing that she had exhibited a rather unbecoming curiosity, she said deprecatingly:

"I fear I seem intrusive. But I am so interested in your future—I have taken a great fancy to you, mademoiselle. That must be my excuse." She rose from the table, adding smilingly: "At least you will not find it dull, since Lady Anne has two sons. They will be companions for you."

Jean rose, too, and together they passed out of the salle a manger.

"And what do you propose to do with yourself today?" asked the Countess, pausing in the hall. "My husband and I are going for a sleigh drive. Would you care to come with us? We should be delighted."

Jean shook her head.

"It's very kind of you. But I should really like to try my luck on the ice. I haven't skated for some years, and as I feel a trifle shaky about beginning again, Monsieur Griolet, who directs the sports, has promised to coach me up a bit some time this morning."

"Bon!" Madame de Varigny nodded pleasantly. "You will be well occupied while we are away. Au revoir, then, till our return. Perhaps we shall walk down to the rink later to witness your progress under Monsieur Griolet's instruction."

She smiled mischievously, the smile irradiating her face with a sudden charm. Jean felt as though, for a moment, she had glimpsed the woman the Countess might have been but for some happening in her life which had soured and embittered it, setting that strange implacability within the liquid depths of her soft, southern eyes.

She was still speculating on Madame de Varigny's curious personality as she made her way along the beaten track that led towards the rink, and then, as a sudden turn of the way brought the sheet of ice suddenly into full view, all thoughts concerning the bunch of contradictions

that goes to make up individual character were swept out of her mind.

In the glory of the morning sunlight the stretch of frozen water gleamed like a shield of burnished silver, whilst on its further side rose great pine-woods, mysteriously dark and silent, climbing the steeply rising ground towards the mountains.

There were a number of people skating, and Jean discovered Monsieur Griolet in the distance, supervising the practice of a pretty American girl who was cutting figures with an ease and exquisite balance of lithe body that hardly seemed to stand in need of the instructions he poured forth so volubly. Probably, Jean decided, the American had entered for some match and was being coached up to concert pitch accordingly.

She stood for a little time watching with interest the varied performances of the skaters. Bands of light-hearted folk, indulging in the sport just for the sheer enjoyment of it, sped gaily by, broken snatches of their talk and laughter drifting back to her as they passed, whilst groups of more accomplished skaters performed intricate evolutions with an earnestness and intensity of purpose almost worthy of a better cause.

(To Be Continued.)

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Charlotte—It must be three years since I saw you last. I hardly knew you, you have aged so.

Clarissa—Well, I wouldn't have known you, either, except for that hat.

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Worms feed upon the vitality of children and endanger their lives. A simple and effective remedy is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Woman is the emancipated slave of the family; the broom has been replaced by an electric slave but the snow still requires elbow grease.

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# MAGIC



# MENU

This delightful tea menu suggested by Madame R. Lacroix, assistant director at the Provincial School of Domestic Science, outstanding Montreal Cooking School, will come in very handy next time you're entertaining. Keep it for reference.

### TEA MENU

Fruit Cocktail  
Hot Cheese Biscuits\*  
Sautéed Merguez  
Assorted Tea Cakes  
Pineapple Ice Cream  
Chase & Sanborn's Tea or Coffee

Madame Lacroix says: "For my part, I always use and recommend Magic Baking Powder because it is absolutely dependable. Its high leavening power is always uniform. You get the same satisfactory results every time you use it."

### Try Madame Lacroix's recipe for \*HOT CHEESE BISCUITS

1½ cups flour	¾ cup milk
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder	¾ cup grated cheese
2 tablespoons butter	1 teaspoon salt

Sift flour, baking powder and salt. With two knives, thoroughly mix flour, butter and cheese. Dilute the mixture with milk to make a soft dough. Roll quickly and lightly to one-half inch thickness and cut with a round biscuit cutter. Place on top of each biscuit a cheese cube, one-half inch thick, and bake in oven at 400° F. about 12 or 15 minutes.

More than 200 interesting, tested recipes are contained in the New Free Magic Cook Book. If you bake at home, send for a copy. Write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Avenue, Toronto.

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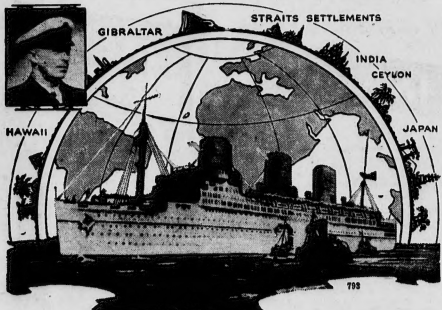
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from The Call

Cruises Around World After First Season



"Used, like any debutante after the hectic gaiety of her first season, the young lady who immediately after her presentation at the Court of King George last May, became a leader of society, leaves shortly for a intensely cruise around the world. The young lady in question, the 21,000-ton Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Britain" has just completed her first Atlantic season during which her parties, amongst the most brilliant ever held in the Western Hemisphere, have been attended by more representatives of rank and fashion than Ward McAllister dreamed of. Princess Ambassadors, Earls, Viscounts, Bishops, Knights of many of the highest orders of chivalry and lady ladies have vied for her favour; and the highest aristocracy of North America, the noble French-Indians, paid their homage when they conferred "Christianity upon Captain R. G. Latta (name) commander of the Empress of Britain, and Commodore of the Canadian Pacific fleet."

Regretting the Blue Ribband of the Atlantic for the British Empire on her second voyage by making the crossing to Father Point, Quebec, in four days and 12 hours, 20 minutes, thus breaking the previous continent to continent record by four hours and 56 minutes, the Empress of Britain did not rest on her laurels, and since that date has broken her own record on five other occasions. On her first voyage of the season she crossed in seven hours and 49 minutes less than the best record between Cherbourg and New York.

Starting December 3rd, from New York, the Empress will visit 30 ports before, after a complete circle of the world, she returns to the Atlantic. Her route will bring her back with them when they reach New York again: April 18th, 1932, fragment mentions Italy, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Burma, Java, Brunei, Siam, Philippines, Japan, Hawaii, Alaska, and Cuba.

She will be the largest and fastest vessel ever to cross around the world.

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SEEKING THE THIRTS

It is difficult to imagine the sensations experienced by persons from isolated sections of the world, particularly island dwellers, when first brought into contact with the facilities of modern life.

A civvies writes, a 17-year-old girl from the island of St. Kitts, of the English coast first saw a motor automobile, a railroad train and a moving picture on her first visit to the mainland.

Thousands of people live and die without seeing any of these things, although they live within a comparatively short distance of them. All their hopes and dreams are centred on the great majority. Now long ago a large and curious crowd gathered in a certain section of New York city to see a strange animal which had often been heard of but never witnessed by them who gathered to gaze upon the beast. It was a cow.

(Continued from page 1)  
CANADA'S NATIONAL  
EMERGENCY APPEAL  
BEGINS DECEMBER 10

As a medium of distribution, the organization of the Red Cross Society of Canada is to be used. There are two reasons for this: One, and the main one, is that the Red Cross Society is the only society extending throughout the country with an organization able to be set in motion immediately to help relieve distress. It has its branches in many towns, cities and communities, and is able to discover the need of the particular districts quicker than other organizations. The second reason is that the society has already surveyed and listed in many areas the needs of those who are directly affected by relief measures hitherto undertaken and can bring them aid which is best given when given quickly.

In the rural districts those who wish to contribute to the fund need not give cash exclusively. Grain donations will be accepted with gratitude. These can be made simply by notifying the agent at the elevator where grain is delivered that so much of it is a donation to this appeal and campaign. Elevator agents have been instructed on this point and will do all that is necessary once they are authorized to allocate grain to the fund.

LAUGH AND  
GLEICHEN  
LAUGHS WITH YOU

Dan McDonald, on Thursday last week, saw an owl perching on a fencepost close to his home. Jack is not accustomed to "seeing things" so we can only conclude that he saw a phenomenon. The owl may have said "hoot" but it is not his word that he said "Hoot Mon Dan."

Dr. C. R. McFistery was asked by his wife to take a copy of a radio review she wanted. Unfortunately the doctor got two stations at once and this is what he copied: "Hank on his hip, place one cup of flour on shoulders, raise the knees and depress the toes, and mix thoroughly in half a cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly half a teaspoonful baking powder, lower the legs and snarl two balled eggs in a sieve. Exhale, breathe naturally and sit into a bowl. Lie flat on the back on the floor, and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a ball. In ten minutes remove from the fire and stir smartly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup."

CALLS OF THE GLEICHEN

BRIDGE BRIGADE

Tells a Story: Familiar To All

One notrum, two notrum.  
Three notrum onward;  
Called in a latest breath.  
Went down six hundred.  
"Call up to game," one said;  
"Tougher one soon obeyed;  
Both having overheard.  
Went down six hundred.  
Forward the game they played.  
Was there a coup d'etat?  
No—though the other knew  
Someone had blundered.  
"Double," the soft reply;  
That was the reason why  
Their bet to do and die.  
Having both overheard.  
Went down six hundred.  
Aces to right of them.  
Queens to the left of them.  
All their hopes centered.  
Shattered their kings that fall,  
For the foe played too well.  
Gave the Dealer Hall—  
Put down six hundred.  
Best, did their courage fade?  
Still wider calls they made.  
All the Club wondered.  
Doubled the calls they made;  
They were the "right" brigade,  
Six times six hundred.

Jack James: "How is it I see Jones and his former wife together so much lately? I thought they were separated."

Dave Wilson: "Oh (their's is a complete divorce)."

IMITATE THE BUILDING

R. W. Brown was a bad sailor when he came to Canada. He went to the captain and asked what he should do to prevent seasickness.

"Have you got a compass?" asked the captain.

"Yes," replied R. W.

"Well, hold that compass in your teeth during the trip."

"How did you get the black eye, Mrs. Higgins?"

"Well, my husband came out of prison on his birthday."

"Yes."

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Pacific Coast

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TIME TABLE OF 1930

The first railroad time table published in the South, issued at Charleston in 1830, announcing the schedule for a short line out of that city, contained a provision which would appear amusing to present-day travelers. It gave the information that arrangements for special trips could be made by agreement with the engineer.

There was only one locomotive in service on the road. It was the "Best Friend of Charleston," the first locomotive built in America, and weighed only about four tons. It arrived in Charleston from the West Point foundry in New York city by ship on October 28, 1830, and was put in regular service on Christmas day of the same year. The first time table which has been preserved, contained the following information:

"The public are respectfully informed that the Railroad Company has purchased from Mr. E. L. Miller his locomotive steam engine and that it will hereafter be constantly employed in the transportation of starting."

"The times of leaving the station in Line Street will be 8 o'clock, at 10 a.m., at 1 and at half past 3 o'clock a.m."

"Parties may be accommodated at the intermediate hours by agreeing with the engineer. Great punctuality will be observed in the execution of starting."

But perhaps 100 years from now people will look upon the facilities and practices of the present day with as much amusement as we now find in looking back upon those of a century ago.

The average man is so busy trying to lay a trap for himself that he misses the glory of the ages overhead.







